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SHAKESPEARE'S ARIEL

A STUDY OF MUSICAL CHARACTER

By RUTLAND BOUGHTON

SHAKESPEARE'S great love of music is witnessed by many exquisite passages of his finest poetry; and it has been noted by all his chief commentators and critics from Samuel Johnson to Bernard Shaw. But I do not think it has yet been properly recognised that Shakespeare has himself recorded his ideas upon music as distinct from his love of it. There is, however, sufficient internal evidence to show that Ariel is his deliberate personification of the spirit of music.

Ariel's very name is a play upon the common word for that medium through which sound works. He appears in his own form to none but Prospero, to whose will he is subservient:

Be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.

To others he is a sound and an influence, but neither visible nor subservient.

It is a matter of dispute as to whether certain of Shakespeare's leading male characters are the creations of objective dramatic vision, or of subjective poetic expression; but in the case of Prospero there is no manner of doubt. The relationships of Prospero to the other characters, and above all to his "magic" and his dukedom, perfectly tally with Shakespeare's own circumstances at the time of writing the play, he being about to retire from the stage and settle down as a country gentleman. Therefore in Prospero's ideas of Ariel we have the author's own.

But it might seem to some that Ariel would be the personification of poetry rather than of music; and the personification of poetry he undoubtedly is to some extent—to the extent that all poetry is dependent upon, and remains in association with, the principles of pure music. Musicians, and still less the majority of poets, do not realize to what extent poetry is indebted to music for its very existence.

Poetry is made in the mating and expression of thought and beauty. The thought is expressed by means of language; and no poet will accept "thought" as the essence of poetry. As Shelley puts it in his *Defence of Poetry*: "Language is arbitrarily produced by the imagination and has relation to thoughts alone." We may indeed go further: language is composed of consonantal and vowel-sounds, and Helmholtz has shown how the more beautiful of these have an essentially musical basis, consisting as they do of various arrangements of harmonics. So all there is left to language, as a separate thing from music, is the buzz, hum, and hiss of the consonants. It is clearly not upon these that the beauty of poetry depends, but upon its emotions and moods, and upon the musical quality of its rhythm and sonority. The feeling of a poem is obtained indirectly, by means of allusion, association, and the onomatapoetic values of words. The musician expresses feeling directly, without association or allusion; and the rhythm of a poem is obviously borrowed from music.

It is clear then that the inner power of poetry is music itself. Whatever is distinctive of poetry, apart from its musical values, "has relation to thoughts alone," and is "arbitrarily produced by the imagination." This, of course, in no way derogates from the obvious value of poetry. It merely separates what is a purely musical activity from that other part, the intellectual activity which chooses, decides, and wills. And that other part is individualized in *The Tempest* by the character of Prospero himself. Therefore in the relationship between Prospero and Ariel is born poetry in the complete and accepted sense of the word.

Finally, there remains what seems to me the conclusive fact that the songs and other music which constitute the mystical background and beauty of the play are all of them associated with Ariel, directly, or, as in the case of the songs of Juno and Ceres, indirectly. Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban have vulgar tavern-ditties to bawl; it is only Ariel who makes the songs that give peace of mind to the finer humanity of Ferdinand, rest to the worries of Gonzalo, instinctive delight even to the gross nature of Caliban; something foreign only to the unimaginative middle-class creatures of the play. Moreover, when Ariel sings, Shakespeare carefully emphasises the music of his song, rather than its meaning—a feature which disgruntled Dr. Johnson who lamented that "Ariel's lays, however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance; they express nothing great, nor reveal anything above mortal discovery"—but then Dr. Johnson was notoriously lacking in the musical sense. Hazlitt

had a much better appreciation of the quality of Ariel's songs, which, he said, "without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals": a description which involuntarily causes one to think of the Wagnerian principle of leading-themes which fulfils just such a function as Hazlitt claims for the songs. And to complete one's assurance of the musical nature of Ariel, Shakespeare underlines the songs with comment: "Where should this *music* be?" and "This *music* crept by me upon the waters." And as with Ferdinand, the speaker of those lines, so with Gonzalo, Stephano, and Caliban—they all agree in regarding music as the outstanding wonder of the island. And as we look further into the play we shall be faced with other evidence in support of my proposition.

Let us then examine the character and function of Ariel himself, and his influence upon the course of the dramatic development. So we are likely to gain insight into Shakespeare's own ideas of the nature and purpose of music.

The outstanding feature of Ariel's nature is the conflict between his desire for freedom and his grateful will to serve the master who delivered him from the spell of Sycorax the witch, the dam of Caliban. Prospero says:

Thou my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine. . . .

. . . . Thou best knowst
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Sycorax seems to stand for the crude earth, ungoverned by the will of man. All she could do with the delicate, spiritual nature of Ariel was to cause him to howl as the wind howls in hollow wood. Not until the intellectual imagination of Prospero was brought to bear upon the imprisoned spirit was Ariel able to sing a beautiful song, and out of inchoate noise bring shaped melody. It may be taken as an allegory of the evolution of music; its course may be followed by us in the growth of a bird's

or an infant's singing voice, or in the development of musical instruments.

And yet, though Ariel knows that without Prospero he would still be howling in his cloven pine, and though under Prospero's guidance he is continually developing new powers, he still longs for liberty. This, too, is the nature of music. Every step in the development of musical art has been taken under the fostering of the intellect, and every such step has been succeeded by a breaking of the bonds which the intellect has forged. The growth of the fugue-form was followed by a period of freedom and uncertainty of direction. The climax of sonata-form was reached by the master who broke away from it. The careful shaping of symphonic drama by Wagner has been succeeded by a period of Debussique vagueness or Straussish coarseness. And in every case the decadence has been caused by the very life—not to say levity—of the musical nature, rebelling against the pedantry which sooner or later overtakes all intellectual activity. It is the intellect which purges sound of noise and saves it from sheer sensuality; and then it is the very spirituality of the result that pulls fretfully at the cords binding it to its saviour. A spirit is an airy creature, and fain to be free of all lordship, even the lordship of reason. Ariel is the distilled essence of such an idea; as Mr. Frank Harris says, he is "a higher creation, more spiritual and charming than any other poet has ever attempted"

One other detail of his nature: Ariel reminds his master that he has told him no lies and made him no mistakings. This unerring truthfulness is bound up with all real music, from the Calibanian tunes in the variety halls to the Prosperian proportions of great symphonies. Music is so connected with the sources of human feeling that it must either express emotion actually and vividly experienced (in life, or through the sympathy of imagination), or fail to exist. So long as Prospero was limited to book-knowledge, and out of touch with the world, he had no knowledge of Ariel; and through the musical spirit he was enabled to get back to the real world of human feeling. That is a point to be developed when we are considering Prospero himself. For the moment we need only emphasise that music can serve no man who tells lies or makes mistakes, however book-wise he may be in the lore of music-science. Handel's Hallelujah chorus is the expression of a glory that the master had *seen* with the eye of his imagination. We should know it from the sky-sweeping splendour of the music even if the composer had not told us of the fact. Wagner's conception of the Holy Grail came to imperishable

music because the dramatist had actually realised in his own life-work that divine power which caused Blake to preach that Art and Christianity were interchangeable terms. A musician needs to learn to govern his spiritual conceptions by means of his intellect, but from the moment he tries to build his art *only* according to laws imposed by his own or another intellect he tells lies and makes mistakes—produces fugues, sonatas, choruses, and operas unpenetrated by the clairvoyance of spiritual insight.

The nature of Ariel, then, may be summed up as a spirit who has been delivered out of chaos by the intellect of man, a spirit incapable of falsehood or blunder when working in subjection to that intellect, but ever straining for its own freedom. The only objection to Ariel's freedom is, of course, that without Prospero's guidance there is no art-work. When Ariel is released at the end of the play it is not to a higher form of being, but 'to the elements.'

Now let us pass on to see how Shakespeare represents the power of Ariel in relation to certain kinds of human nature.

Low types, such as the sensual Caliban, the drunken Stephano, and the frivolous Trinculo, are easily moved by the superficial charm of sound. Ariel thus describes its effect on them:

Like unbacked colts they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail skins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell.

"Lifted up their noses as they *smelt* music!" What an exact description for the attitude of those music-lovers who enjoy only the mere sensuous charm of the art! And they are soon sated; the imaginative spirit soon leaves them, and they are left stuck in the bog of their own boredom. That is what happens to the lovers of variety-hall songs, musical comedies, and all the music which, however truthful in its vulgarity, needs to be consigned to the rubbish heap of oblivion as soon as it is familiar. Here is Shakespeare's sample of it—a cheap and superficial rhythm with a drunken hiccough in it:

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.

But this is not to say that the sensual beauty of music, even in its more vulgar forms, is an evil of itself. Under wise guidance it may be a power for the refinement of bestial natures. So Caliban is able to say:

The isle is full of noises,
 Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open, and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked
 I cried to dream again.

So may music refine the coarser elements of our natures and draw us on to lovelier dreams. It is only when the higher brain-centres are weakened, as Caliban's were by Stephano's drink, that even the most sensual creatures are incapable of some such refinement.

Next we have to consider those more average beings like Gonzalo and the other shipwrecked folk—people who lack any considerable distinction of mind, but have yet developed beyond the primitive grossness of Caliban and Stephano.

One of the chief attractions music has for such people is its power to soothe. They are people generally occupied with fatiguing daily work, and they like a lullaby to calm their nerves and send them to sleep of an evening. This is not a very heroic task for Ariel, but none the less it is a very real one; and he may well congratulate himself when he has left them slumbering "with a charm joined to their suffered labour." Twice in the course of *The Tempest* Shakespeare represents this as a function of music—a point to recall the next time one is irritated by a sleeping beauty (generally a man) at a concert, or requested to make after-dinner music for friends who want to be wafted pleasantly into unconsciousness.

This soothing power has a more positive value in its influence upon disordered minds. One of the stage-directions in *The Tempest* runs as follows: "Reenter Ariel before: then Alonzo with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo. . . . they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed." In such a manner, presumably, David hypnotised the disordered brain of Saul with "heavenly music to work his end upon the senses"; so he, like Prospero, may well have cried to his enemy:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boiled within thy skull!

And then, as the magic worked:

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer vision.

Perhaps some day the mental specialist will study the matter carefully, and music attain a greater usefulness in the steadying of unbalanced minds. Meanwhile it is all to the good that the controllers of our lunatic asylums prefer, and advertise for, attendants with musical ability. But the disordered brain is not the average type; at least, so the average type, constituting the majority, decides; and it is with the normal man we are chiefly concerned at the moment. More to the point is the softening, humanising influence of the art upon minds in any way susceptible to sympathy and tender emotion. So Ferdinand speaks of it as "allaying his passion"; and Ariel describes Gonzalo's behaviour under its influence in the following terms:

His tears ran down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds.

This, of course, describes the effect of music upon a nature prone to sentimentality. Music, as Plato pointed out, may enervate as well as energise. However, it is Prospero's business to decide when and how a softening or stimulating expression of the art shall be used.

Perhaps Shakespeare's most amusing description of Ariel's work is when he causes strange shapes to bring in a banquet before the company of middle-class minds. It is a picture of the average provincial symphony-concert audience of to-day. They feel they ought to understand the strange forms and enjoy the banquet; and they try hard in spite of their puzzlement. Hear them:

I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Does not that perfectly describe the average middle-class attitude to a Bach concerto or a Brahms symphony? And then their annoyance when they realise that, in spite of imagining pretty subjective fancies about stars and billows and death and

angels in the manner of a devout disciple of realism, yet the real beauty of the music is withheld from them:

GON.: I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALON.: O it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it me.

But despite that inability of such people to take in the real beauty of great music, it sometimes touches chords within them which have not yet learned to vibrate—the awakening of Alonzo's conscience is a case in point—and if the sensation is repeated and deepened they reach the point where music becomes as a message from an unknown world, the voice of a clairvoyant. Such its effect is upon Alonzo at the end of the third act; and so also it works within the mind of Gonzalo who, like Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf, hears melodies in his dreams. The question here broached is far too large and difficult to be developed in this article. It must suffice to note that music and metaphysical ideas have been universally associated, not only by primitive types of man, but by minds of the calibre of Shakespeare, Schopenhauer, and Wagner. It is still more definitely indicated by Shakespeare in the scene between Ariel and Ferdinand, a nobler character than the rest of the shipwrecked folk. To Ferdinand Ariel sings two of his loveliest songs, and the prince insists upon the spiritual nature of the sound.

Sure it waits upon

Some god o' the island!

And again:

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.

Considering the greater love for music generally shown by women, it is strange that Miranda has no sense of the presence or work of Ariel. Coleridge noticed the fact, but gave for it no very cogent reason. He said, "Miranda is never directly brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other tend to neutralise each other." But Ferdinand is no less human and natural! I am inclined to give it a much more prosaic explanation. Mr. Frank Harris states excellent reasons for presuming that Miranda is a portrait of Shakespeare's own daughter. If so, the dramatic blunder would be accounted for by the human fact that the children of authors and artists are often discouraged from intimate relations with

their parents' work. Shakespeare's daughter may, as Mr. Harris suggests, have "preserved" Shakespeare, and enabled him "to bear up under the burden of life's betrayals"; but, if so, it seems more likely that he sought preservation in the change of mental atmosphere afforded by her society than by any understanding she may have had for his work. If then we want to know how Shakespeare would portray a musical female we must examine some other character, such as Viola in *Twelfth Night*. It matters little for our present study. The real pith of the poet's understanding of the art is concentrated in the relationship of Prospero and Ariel—that is to say, his own attitude to that inner spirit of his which not only made him one of the greatest music-lovers of all time, but caused him (like Schiller) to realise that his own activities were of an essentially musical kind.

First consider Prospero's condition before he was cast upon the island. Though born to the responsibility of public affairs, he neglected them and secluded himself "rapt in secret studies." His brother took advantage of his behaviour to control the dukedom; and Prospero, in his obscurity getting the reputation for incapacity in practical matters, was by force placed in a position where he could no longer act as a leader of men.

This is an allegory of the life, not of Shakespeare only, but of the great majority of artists. Born with stronger imaginations and more delicate susceptibilities than most men, and so best fitted to stimulate and suggest ideas to their fellows, not merely in æsthetic, but in practical questions as well, the majority of artists are yet content to leave in abeyance their faculties so far as the world of material things is concerned, and confine their energies to the enjoyment of that more exquisite beauty to which their natures give them ready access. Then they are exploited by less inventive and generous, but more cunning natures. That, however, is not the worst of the evil. The greater loss is in their exile to that isolation of imagination—that island of æstheticism—where for the most part they perish in the surfeit of their art; for but few of them are capable of the renewal of will which enabled Prospero to win his way back to leadership. Let us consider the matter in a more specifically musical direction.

A human being with any sort of superior mental faculty is more likely to throw a new light upon problems outside his own sphere than a completely undistinguished person. A born musical genius is more likely to recognise a mistake in statecraft or commerce than the average man congenitally inclined to accept the things that are for the things that ought to be. And, more than

that, the more fully he enters upon an understanding of the principles of statecraft and commerce the more often will he be thrown into contact with other human beings, the larger will his sympathies become, the finer his mind, and the better his music. But the modern method of training musicians is to keep them in a music-tight compartment. We smile at their naïve attempts to understand the rights and wrongs of international questions; we discount beforehand their tendencies to criticise our methods of industry, and advise them to stick to their last; forgetting that the cobbler who stuck to his last would go raving mad; forgetting that even were our Strausses and Paderewskis of no greater distinction than ourselves, they are equally involved with us in all questions of war, trade, religion and society, and should have at least equal voices in all decisions pertaining to them. There seems no valid reason to believe that a musician who, like Strauss, has understood the commercial value of his own operas, should not be better able to deal with large questions of commerce than the average minister of state; or a musician who, like Paderewski, has suffered upon his own Polish estate the horrors of war, should not be equally able to deal with military problems than the average lawyer or member of parliament. However, we have made up our minds that artists, and especially musicians, are of so feeble a general mental capacity that no particular object would be served in giving them equal public chances with clergymen, lawyers, doctors, stockbrokers, soldiers, grocers, and trades-union secretaries. So the young musician is exiled to some island of a conservatoire of music, where his æsthetic ideas, instead of being fertilised by the emotions of real life, are left to inbreed with the ideas of others of his kind. Then, when he has attained a sufficiently exclusive refinement, we hand him over to the tender mercies of concert-agents, publishers, and other men who have not lost grip on the world of material things—men who in many ways are less capable than he, as witness the quantity of rubbish issued by the publishers and the numbers of grossly incompetent amateurs launched by the concert-agents; but who, at any rate, are better men than he, and no fools in dealing with those primitive hard facts of life for which it should be our aim to prepare everybody—even musicians.

But the education of a musician is even worse than that already outlined. We not merely limit the power and beauty of his art by cutting it off from the real world of life and feeling, but we do not even allow his own personal life and feelings to carve the channel of his work. We dedicate him “to closeness and the

bettering of his mind" by instilling precepts of obedience to art-forms which were the product of other times and quite different conditions; so that the very utmost he may hope to achieve is a sort of art compounded of all that has gone before him. And, of course, that is enough, if all we care to develop in our musicians is a sense of their own exquisiteness and a desire for nothing but their own enjoyment. But as a consequence of this it happens that the average musician is more detested and avoided outside his immediate circle than any creature of civilisation. I have been amazed and ashamed from time to time when I have found in what estimation musicians are held by men of the world, and even by painters and actors—men and women also enisled upon rocks of their own, though not quite so fearfully separated from the main continent of mankind. A musician can unfortunately spin a hymn-tune or a sonata out of his own vacuity, but actors and most painters are thrown by their work into frequent communication with people outside their own circles. If a personal reference may be forgiven, I have spent twenty years in the effort to make operas out of my musical knowledge. I succeeded only in making works which nobody wanted to produce. Those twenty years count as nothing to me beside the last three years at Glastonbury, during which I have set out to produce my own operas, and operas by any other composer whose work appealed to me; so I have not only acquired a practical musical knowledge which makes me laugh at the groping of my student days, but have also entered into all kinds of new and real human relationships, thus gaining some slight acquaintance with those forces in men and women that are the stuff of which drama is made. And this is something like the story of Prospero who, isolated and helpless upon his island, proceeded to gain power over Ariel by freeing him from the cloven pine; afterwards, by his help, achieving his own rightful position as duke, leader in the world where artists, grocers, farmers, and lawyers meet as men. The first step towards such an end was that Ariel, however reluctant, should be Prospero's servant; and the first step in any creation or rebirth of music is to subject the art to our reason, however troublesome may be the process, remembering that every really great work of art is inevitably the product in the first place of the will for human welfare, and only in the second an expression of sensual enjoyment. So it was that Ariel could reply to Prospero:

All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure.

The best pleasure of Bach was not his mastery of fugue-form, but his Protestantism, his desire for freedom of thought; of Beethoven, not his creation of symphonies, but his expression of rebellion against tyranny; of Wagner, not his lavish sense of beauty, but his will to enlarge the world of human sympathy and understanding. Music was the chief means to their end, but their end transcended the art of music as Prospero's aim transcended the work of Ariel.

But Ariel is also capable of work that is not at all according to Prospero's best pleasure. At the present day we have reached the climax and evident end of an era when loud effects, not to say mere noises, seem to be the chief purpose of musicians. The monstrous cacophonies of Schoenberg, the monstrous choruses of the British festivals, the monstrous barns at Sydenham and Kensington Gore, the monstrous preferences for hammering and rasping noises upon pianos and stringed instruments, are all of them symptoms of a non-musical mentality—rowdiness such as Ariel was employed on when Prospero sent him to make confusion aboard the ship.

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not affect his reason?

And it is not without amusement that one watches the effect of musical rowdiness upon modern audiences, who are bewildered by the "coil" but want at all costs to be in the know—in the fashion, whatever it may chance to be. During the recent futurist craze one of our best-known musicians was listening to a pianist who had obviously got his fingers to his nose, figuratively speaking, as often as actually upon the keyboard. And yet this musician had got out of the way of using his common sense to such an extent that he was in doubt as to whether he was listening to the art of the future or the art of a bluffer. "Do you think he's serious?" he asked of a friend who sat by him. "He's got a fine sense of rhythm," he pursued, apparently fearful lest his understanding should be considered behind the future in its limitations. Such a man deserves the fate that Prospero deliberately brought upon the men in the ship. The best cure for musical futurism would be to send its advocates into the trenches without an allowance of cotton-wool.

The madness of futurism can be traced to Strauss's misconception of Wagner. The earlier master, to get effects equal to the greatness of his thought, employed means much in excess of

composers before his time. Strauss is vital enough as a composer, but his wisdom and external impetus to art are comparatively small. With a trivial message as compared with Wagner's, he has exceeded Wagner's quantitative demands. As an example we may compare the sweep of their melody. Before Wagner the declamatory parts of music were generally more restricted in compass than the lyrical; but Wagner noticed that, as a matter of fact, while sustained effects of emotional speech were comparatively monotonous, in the ordinary course of unaffected conversation the human voice covered a greater range than had ever been systematically used in vocal music, though some of Bach's recitative had ventured some way in that direction. This natural sweep of declamation Strauss seems to have misunderstood, and used indiscriminately in lyric as in dramatic moments; and so his vocal writing has become degenerate and often quite meaningless. Schoenberg has gone one worse. Fortunately for German vocal music Wolf has acted as a balancing influence, owing to his sense of human and literary values.

For the finest vocal music the intellect must know exactly when and how to shape and guide the emotional element. It must say, as Prospero said to Ariel, "Exactly do all points of my command," and then will Ariel joyfully answer, "To the *syllable*," knowing that in emotion so controlled all that is greatest has come to be. This thought continually turns up in the course of *The Tempest*. In another place Prospero cries, "Come with a thought," and Ariel answers, "Thy thoughts I cleave to." And out of this intimate union the human intellect, of itself a cold and often a cruel thing, becomes charged with tenderness and beauty. The intellectual man naturally despises the person who is swayed hither and thither by his emotions; but when he sees the wonderful effect of emotion properly developed and governed by the reasoning faculty, he realises that in the coupling of forces there is a greater value to mankind than in the sanity of the virgin intellect. This is Ariel's appeal:

AR.:	Your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them your affections Would become tender.
PROS.:	Dost thou think so, spirit?
AR.:	Mine would, sir, were I human.
PROS.:	And mine shall.

And Prospero's decision is couched in words that Wagner might have used when he had done with the magic of *The Ring*, the

passion of Tristan, the humour of the Mastersingers, and set the crown to his work with the "heavenly music" of Parsifal:

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

After such a life-work there remains only the glad sigh of good-bye to Ariel: "To the elements be free, and fare thou well."